



HYMNS  
FOR  
HEART  
AND  
VOICE.

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Kind regards -

December 1855

Best Edn.

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THE RIVULET.

LONDON:  
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Great New Street and Fetter Lane



✓  
THE RIVULET:

A

CONTRIBUTION TO SACRED SONG.

BY

✓  
THOMAS T. LYNCH,

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF THEOPHILUS TRINAL," ETC.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up  
the head."

LONDON :

ROBERT THEOBALD, 26 PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLV.



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## PREFACE.

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THE streams of sacred song make glad the city of God. They are, too, streams in the desert; and many who are weary and athirst as they travel towards the city, drinking of a brook by the way, can go on that way rejoicing.

Christian poetry is indeed a river of the water of life; and to this river my 'Rivulet' brings its contribution, desiring in its individual course to afford such benefits as it may, and to augment, however little, that stream, which, that it may ever fertilise the Christian country and ever refresh its people, must be itself ever fed by new supplies.

These HYMNS FOR HEART AND VOICE are suitable for the chamber or the church, and they may be "said or sung." To facilitate their use in song, I have given references to tunes in one of the best tune-books known to me—the *Psalmist*.

Any other good tune-book, however, will supply tunes for most of the hymns. And to many of the hymns other tunes, as good as those assigned, perhaps better, may be found in the *Psalmist*. All the varieties of metre in that publication are in this book provided for.

Some of the hymns are obviously more the expression of united worship than others. I have not separated these

into a distinct group. They occupy what seemed to me suitable places in the general arrangement. Such hymns when read privately have often a peculiar charm: they connect us with those from whom we are parted, but with whom we are present in spirit; they make us feel that in the fellowship of the truth lies much of the power of the truth.

The book is, then, one of short Christian Poems, to peruse (as I hope) for stimulus and solace, or to sing in family and social communion. I shall be very glad and thankful if in this case too, as in others, it be found true that "both is best."

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

Kentish Town, London,  
November 1855.

A Rivulet singing as it flows along  
Lulls us to rest, or thus invites a song :  
“ New waters from the ancient fount I bring,  
That they who drink of me with me may sing.”

“Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord.”

# THE RIVULET.

A CONTRIBUTION TO SACRED SONG.



## I.

SPIRIT! whose various energies  
By dew and flame denoted are,  
By rain from the world-covering skies,  
By rushing and by whispering air ;

Be Thou to us, O gentlest one,  
The brimful river of sweet peace,  
Sunshine of the celestial sun,  
Restoring air of sacred ease.

Life of our life, since life of Him  
By whom we live eternally,  
Our heart is faint, our eye is dim,  
Till Thou our spirit purify.

The purest airs are strongest too,  
Strong to enliven and to heal :  
O Spirit purer than the dew,  
Thine holiness in strength reveal.

Felt art Thou, and the heavy heart  
Grows cheerful and makes bright the eyes ;  
Up from the dust the enfeebled start,  
Armed and re-nerved for victories :

Felt art Thou, and relieving tears  
Fall, nourishing our young resolves :  
Felt art Thou, and our icy fears  
The sunny smile of love dissolves.

O Spirit, when thy mighty wind  
The entombing rocks of sin hath rent,  
Lead shuddering forth the awakened mind,  
In still voice whispering thine intent.

As to the sacred light of day  
The stranger soul shall trembling come,  
Say, "These thy friends," and "This thy way,"  
And "Yonder thy celestial home."

## II.

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord,  
But train me for thy will ;  
For even I in fields so broad  
Some duties may fulfil ;  
And I will ask for no reward,  
Except to serve Thee still.

How many serve, how many more  
May to the service come ;  
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,  
Thou dost appoint for some :  
Thou hast thy young men at the war,  
Thy little ones at home.

All works are good, and each is best  
As most it pleases Thee ;  
Each worker pleases when the rest  
He serves in charity :  
And neither man nor work unblest  
Wilt Thou permit to be.

O ye who serve, remember One  
The worker's way who trod ;  
He served as man, but now his throne,  
It is the throne of God :  
The sceptre He hath to us shown  
Is like a blossoming rod.

Firm fibres of the tree of life  
Hath each command of his,  
And each with clustering blossoms rife  
At every season is ;  
Bare only, like a sword of strife,  
Against love's enemies.

Our Master all the work hath done  
He asks of us to-day ;  
Sharing his service, every one  
Share too his sonship may.  
Lord, I would serve and be a son ;  
Dismiss me not, I pray.



## III.

I HAVE looked above me,  
Saying as I stood,  
“ Shall I ever love Thee  
Even as I would ?”  
Hands together clasping,  
Prayer to Thee I urge ;  
Like a swimmer gasping  
In the ocean surge.

I for love endeavour  
As for breath of life ;  
Must I seek it ever  
With a painful strife ?  
I on waves of thinking  
Foothold cannot keep ;  
Downward am I sinking,  
Over me they sweep.

Lord, Thou art above me,  
Silent and serene ;  
Surely I could love Thee,  
If I once had seen

Christ as Saviour ready  
Fearful hearts to save ;  
Giving footsteps steady,  
Even on the wave.

Is He coming near me ?  
Will He by me stand ?  
Will He speak and cheer me,  
Take me by the hand ?  
May the humble-minded  
See Him on his way,  
Though the proud are blinded  
By the fretful spray ?

Oh, if I but know Thee  
In thy human form ;  
Oh, if Thou but show me  
Jesus in the storm ;  
Perils never counting,  
In love's air I'll breathe ;  
Hugest doubts surmounting,  
Though they cry and seethe.

## IV.

THE sufferer had been heard to say,  
    “ I am the unhappiest in the land ;”  
But comforted went on his way,  
    When Jesus took him by the hand.

The poor man had been oft passed by  
    By many people rich and grand ;  
But found at last prosperity,  
    When Jesus took him by the hand.

The sinner in unpitied blame  
    Was perishing, an outcast banned ;  
But rose, and left behind his shame,  
    When Jesus took him by the hand.

And many of whom all men said,  
    “ They’ve fallen never more to stand,”  
Have risen, though they seemed as dead,  
    When Jesus took them by the hand.

O ye, who in the journey’s length  
    Must often tread the weary sand,  
Your fainting limbs will gather strength,  
    If Jesus takes you by the hand.

“Come unto me,” the Saviour cries,  
Nor speaks in accents falsely bland :  
“Hard is the way,” He says, “but rise :”  
And then He takes us by the hand.

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## V.

FLOWERS will not cease to speak,  
And tell the praise of God,  
Even to the careless man  
Who has upon them trod :  
Rising suns and falling rain  
Will not refuse their gift to yield,  
Though of our neglect complain  
The garden and the field :

Birds will not refuse to sing  
The summer woods among,  
Though we to their God and ours  
No song have ever sung :  
Heaven will not at once grow dim,  
Because unhonoured by a look ;  
Nor the temple close on him  
Who worship has forsook.

Whether we are thine or no,  
Thy mercies, Lord, are ours ;  
Still thy choicest works and words  
Stir us with their powers ;  
They, by victory of love,  
Can move the hardened to relent ;  
They have voices from above,  
To call us upward sent.

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## VI.

ALOFT in the quietest air  
Serenely the cloudlets repose ;  
The God who has made them so fair,  
His love in their loveliness shows.  
It rests us to look on their calm ;  
Their softness, it softens our heart ;  
Our hurry, distress, and alarm,  
They silently tell to depart.

Like raiment of angels they shine ;  
No fingers such robes ever spun ;  
Their texture so airily fine  
Is dyed in the hues of the sun :

Such garments for souls may be had,  
On us the like glory appear ;  
In gentleness may we be clad,  
And rectitude winningly clear.

The light of religion, that flows  
From robes that our spirits desire,  
Is warm, though as white as the snows,  
And mild, though as ruddy as fire.  
Lord, clothe us in sanctity bright ;  
Let love with its zest and its zeal  
Be mingling the red and the white,  
And Christ in our aspect reveal.

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## VII.

SAY not, my soul, " From whence  
Can God relieve my care ?"  
Remember that Omnipotence  
Has servants every where :  
But if as weak and poor  
Thou seekest charity,  
Christ may come knocking at thy door,  
And ask relief of thee.

He comes as truth denied,  
Comes as a wounded heart ;  
Sees if with courage well supplied  
And kindness thou art.  
Will He an alms receive ?  
Then never doubt and fret ;  
Is He less able to relieve,  
More likely to forget ?

God's help is always sure,  
His methods seldom guessed ;  
Delay will make our pleasure pure,  
Surprise will give it zest :  
His wisdom is sublime,  
His heart profoundly kind ;  
God never is before his time,  
And never is behind.

Hast thou assumed a load  
Which few will share with thee,  
And art thou carrying it for God,  
And shall He fail to see ?  
Be comforted at heart,  
Thou art not left alone :  
Now thou the Lord's companion art ;  
Soon thou wilt share his throne.

## VIII.

Oh, break my heart ; but break it as a field  
Is by the plough up-broken for the corn :  
Oh, break it as the buds, by green leaf sealed,  
Are, to unloose the golden blossom, torn :  
Love would I offer unto love's great Master,  
Set free the odour, break the alabaster.

Oh, break my heart ; break it, victorious God,  
That life's eternal well may flash abroad :  
Oh, let it break as when the captive trees,  
Breaking cold bonds, regain their liberties :  
And as thought's sacred grove to life is springing,  
Be joys, like birds, their hope thy victory singing.

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## IX.

My hastening life admonishes  
My often-faltering soul to try  
And yet perform some goodly work,  
Ere, with the years, desires fly.



What, in a world where cries for help  
Must ever sound till sin shall cease,  
Can be a goodlier work than this,—  
Griefs to assuage, and joys increase?

To fill with light some sunken eyes  
Where reason struggles with despair:  
To bring sin's pallid prisoners forth  
Into the free and wholesome air:

To cheer the oppressed with righteous words,  
And aid them with a labouring arm:  
The slaves of tyrant ignorance  
To rescue, and then shield, from harm:

To offer cups of water pure  
From rocky truth's cool, plenteous well,  
To souls confused with feverish woes  
Unspoken and unspeakable:

To set ablaze some signal-fire  
Of zealous thought, till in affright  
The careless slumberers start and rise,  
And rally round the true and right.

Let me remeditate the truth  
That Christ did for and with us bleed,  
Then, "He is good that doeth good,"  
Shall be my dear and honoured creed.

Oh, if no partner in the pains  
By which love labours for my race,  
Death, that takes home and crowns the brave,  
Can but insure my long disgrace.

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X.

AMID the hills retired  
A fount began its flow,  
And riches soon acquired  
To bless the lands below ;  
And though its wealth it freely spent,  
It grew the richer as it went.

For solitary hills,  
From stores of rain and snow,  
Contributed new rills,  
Their sympathy to show ;  
And soon the river on the plains  
As monarch of their plenty reigns.

Our God in hours retired  
Can open in our heart  
A fount of good desired,  
And such supplies impart,  
That more it has, the more it gives,  
And all our life upon it lives.

O sacred stream of love,  
Hast thou begun thy flow,  
And from the hills above  
Reached now the lands below?  
Then, blest by thee, life's common field  
Will corn and fruit and herbage yield.

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XI.

Love me, O Lord, forgivingly,  
Oh, ever be my friend;  
And still, when Thou reprovest me,  
Reproof with pity blend.

Oh, pity me when weak I fall;  
And as with saddened eyes  
I upwards look, oh, let thy call  
Come strengthening me to rise.

My sins, dispersed by mercy bright,  
Like clouds again grow black ;  
Oh, change the winds that bring such night,  
And drive the darkness back.

This striving weather, let it cease ;  
Then fervent, fruitful days  
Shall yield both promise and increase,  
And make my growth thy praise.

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## XII.

Look up ; the rainy heavens withdraw,  
Light flows anew at ebb of day ;  
Look, and believe the gracious law,  
That love shall have the final sway.

The grass is of a perfect green,  
Dappled with shades this pleasant hour ;  
The garden-walk is crisp and clean ;  
Wind shakes the tears from bough and flower.

Its finest life is in the air,  
Its finest lustre in the light ;  
And see ! the drifting clouds of care  
Are touched with glory in their flight.

In such an hour is understood  
The sacred mystery of woe ;  
We feel a life divinely good  
Within us rise, around us flow :

A spirit tranquil as of one  
Who now in happy languor rests,  
Sore wearied with his work well done,  
But through well-doing richly blest :

A spirit as of one who broods  
On sorrows ceased but unforgot ;  
Whose heart, like heaven, the rainiest moods  
Leave softer and without a blot.

Come, holy peace, when evening's flame  
Burns in the west intensely still,  
Come, kindling salutary shame  
For half-won good, half-vanquished ill.

## XIII.

OH, is the heart too soon appeased,  
Oh, is its pain too lightly eased,  
When, though the sun with stinted ray  
Has been but glimmering all the day,  
One last brief gush of glory bright  
Can fill and flood it with delight?

No; to the heart this beam so brief  
Pledges, as well as brings, relief;  
Light from serene eternity  
Now flushes promise through the sky,  
That thus shall life, its dark day spent,  
End in an ocean of content.

When once our cloudy course has run,  
The long-obscured but waiting sun  
In morning might and evening peace  
Shall shine, and as our labours cease,  
Our craving spirits fully bless  
With quick, triumphant happiness.

O glorious truth ! and is it true  
For me, my Lord, whose hopes are few,  
Whose chiefest grief and fault it is  
That proffered hopes he makes not his ?  
One sunny gush of comfort give ;  
Oh, say again, " Believe, and live."

---

## XIV.

LORD, when in silent hours I muse  
Upon myself and Thee,  
I seem to hear the stream of life  
That runs invisibly.

Then know I, what I oft forget,  
How fleeting are my days ;  
Remember me, my God, nor let  
My end be my dispraise.

Oh, think upon me for my good,  
Though little good I do ;  
My hope, and my forgiving friend,  
Thou hast been hitherto.

And I would live in such a course,  
That men to me may say,  
"Oh, whence hast thou thy joy and force?  
What is thy secret stay?"

My joy, when truest joy I have,  
It comes to me from heaven ;  
My strength, when I from weakness rise,  
Is by thy Spirit given.

And while He shines as He has shone  
Whom Thou hast made my stay,  
Life can but gently float me on,  
Not hurry me away.

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XV.

Ah, miserable man,  
What feeble taper light  
Is this, which casts its spectral gleam  
Into the murky night?



A reasoner without love,  
Thy quivering ray forlorn  
Can show the strange and fearful night,  
But never bring the dawn.

Lord, in our musing heart  
If Thou reveal thy Son,  
Upward the growing twilight strikes,  
The morning has begun.

The orb of love appears,  
Night and its dreams are o'er ;  
In such a light need never man  
Be miserable more.

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XVI.

RISE ! He calleth thee, arise !  
Come, O sorrow-blinded man ;  
He who lighted first the eyes,  
Only He relight them can.

Come, and see the face of one  
Who familiar was with grief;  
Now it shineth as the sun;  
In his smile is thy relief.

Rise! He calleth thee, arise!  
Prisoner of an inward night;  
Sin destroyeth earth and skies,  
If it quench the fount of light.

Come, of daybreak 'tis the hour  
When thou seest Christ the Lord;  
See Him, and regain the power  
Both to look and walk abroad.

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## XVII.

CHRIST in his word draws near;  
Hush, moaning voice of fear,  
He bids thee cease:  
With songs sincere and sweet  
Let us arise, and meet  
Him who comes forth to greet  
Our souls with peace.

Rising above thy care,  
Meet Him as in the air,  
    O weary heart :  
Put on joy's sacred dress,  
Lo, as He comes to bless,  
Quite from thy weariness  
    Set free thou art.

For works of love and praise  
He brings thee summer days,  
    Warm days and bright :  
Winter is past and gone,  
Now He, salvation's sun,  
Shineth on every one  
    With mercy's light.

From the bright sky above,  
Clad in his robes of love,  
    'Tis He, our Lord :  
Dim earth itself grows clear  
As his light draweth near :  
Oh, let us hush and hear  
    His holy word.

## XVIII.

THE sacred word, so fraught with use,  
Is bright with beauty too,  
Oft startling us like blooms profuse  
Upon a sudden view.

But more amazing than the bloom  
Which all the tree bestuds,  
See, peering from the leafy gloom,  
A hundred thousand buds.

Oh, bud for ever, glorious tree,  
Oh, ever blossom thus ;  
So shall thy good fruits plenteously  
Hang ripening for us.

---

  
XIX.

LORD, all things every where  
Thy mighty praise declare ;  
Some may muse, and some may sing,  
But they all are worshipping :  
Or by silence or by sound  
Thou art praised the world around.

Ever the circling earth  
Gives night and morning birth ;  
Every moment some place knows  
Work returning or repose :  
Some things wake, and some things rest ;  
But by all thy love is blest.

The stormy seas and calm  
Join in a giant psalm,  
Solemn praises unto Thee  
Sounding forth unceasingly :  
Verses loud and verses low  
Equally thy glory show.

The rooted mountains grand  
All reverently stand,  
And by silent awe express  
Lowly-hearted loftiness ;  
Sometimes veiled, and sometimes bare,  
Now for praises, now for prayer.

How doth the ample sky  
Shine with thy majesty !  
Sun and stars, in every clime,  
Keep their course and change their time ;  
And, by sunshine or by shower,  
Thou art honoured every hour.

Still with unchanging plan  
Thou blessest wayward man,  
And the varying hours prove  
That Thou hast unvarying love :  
Sometimes grieved, and sometimes gay,  
We would trust Thee every day.

Lord, shall sin work Thee shame,  
To cloud thy glorious Name ?  
No, Thou art so good and just,  
Sin and sorrow serve Thee must :  
While they last and when they die,  
Thou art hope, Thou victory.

The cross and sepulchre  
On love the crown confer ;  
Suffering has vanquished pain,  
Dying has made death a gain :  
Wicked hands but wrought their deed,  
That a Saviour might succeed.

## XX.

BROTHERS, let us to the Lord  
Give ourselves, both heart and sword ;  
Under his commanding eye  
We shall march to victory.

Hark, the strains of music roll,  
Like a tide they fill the soul ;  
As they to their highest rise,  
We will launch our enterprise.

Ye who 'list must 'list in faith,  
Fearing neither toil nor scath ;  
Calm 'mid the bewildering cry,  
Confident of victory.

Hark, the music loud and sweet  
Thrills our heart and stirs our feet :  
Brothers, hands upon our swords,  
Let us shout, " We are the Lord's !"

## XXI.

How calmly the evening once more is descending,  
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer ;  
O wing of the Lord, in thy shelter befriending  
May we and our households continue to share !

The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open ;  
Oh, enter, my soul, at the glorious gates ;  
The silence and smile of His love are the token,  
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

We come to be soothed with His merciful healing,  
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day ;  
We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,  
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

Lord, save us from folly ; be with us in sorrow ;  
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest ;  
When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow  
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possest.



## XXII.

ABOVE the dusky air  
Shine the bright steps of hope ;  
And I, though from the lowest stair,  
Would mount to heaven's cope.

Thus yearning, I arise,  
But heavily I move :  
Alas, that with such wistful eyes,  
My limbs so feeble prove !

O thou essential Light,  
How can I climb to Thee ?  
The starry way is infinite—  
My hope is vanity.

Ah, glorious vanity !  
It is as if the sun  
Were quenched in waves, as from the sea  
His upward course begun.

But can the morning fail,  
    Though dawn be dark and wild?  
Rejoice, O soul, thou shalt prevail;  
    Of light thou art the child.

Thy hope, it shall be made  
    Thy strength, if it be bright;  
Thy limbs, so heavy in the shade,  
    Grow lighter in the light.

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XXIII.

IRRESOLUTE, I stand perplexed,  
What pathway shall I follow next?  
Show me the way that I must take;  
Show me, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

He is the upward way for all,  
Upon whose steep ascents there fall  
Sweet lustres from the gates above,  
The ever-open gates of love.

I know Him : but when thus I stay,  
And musing loiter time away,  
A shadow dims that sacred light,  
Which shines to guide from height to height.

Unless some earthly way I take,  
I cannot heavenward progress make ;  
With settled aim and conscience clear,  
What shall I do ? how journey here ?

My soul the untried seas would dare,  
Or sands of every way-mark bare,  
Should but thy voice distinctly say,  
“ Go forward, soul ; there lies thy way.”

Say, “ This thou *must* do : ” such behest  
Can make the darkest path the best :  
If but I know my way through time,  
My soul those sunny steeps can climb.

## XXIV.

SPEAK not in the shaking thunder,  
Shine not in the lightning's blaze ;  
Mercy's heaven we still are under,  
O thou God of wise delays :  
Mercy's angels still attend us,  
Breathing helpful winds from Thee ;  
Save us from the surge tremendous  
Of destruction's angry sea.

Fill us with the love, outcasting  
Murmur, fearfulness, and sleep :  
Towards the city everlasting,  
Night and day across the deep,  
With a steady will unswerving,  
Ship-like may we onward press,  
Buoyant mastery preserving  
O'er the watery wilderness.

Then if winds, their trumpets blowing,  
Summon all the waves to rise,  
Faith to her perfection growing,  
'Mid her wrestling agonies,

Thus shall cry, " O Father, hearken ;  
Thou hast saved, and still wilt save ;  
Love has bid this tempest darken,  
Love would have his children brave."

Storms shall but our heart embolden ;  
Sweet returns the assuring sun ;  
Under heavens calm and golden  
Peacefully we prosper on ;  
Wrecking judgments never fearing,  
Now with heart unmutinous,  
Under orders, we are nearing  
Homes God has prepared for us.

---

XXV.

WHEN strength is shaken and I fail,  
My pain subduing me,  
I see the trembling of the veil  
That hides eternity :  
The unlifted curtain only shakes,  
But this the future present makes.

How near, how real, the hidden scene !  
Disclosure soon may come ;  
Only a curtain lies between  
Me and my final home :  
My home ! ah, till I so can say,  
My God, permit me here to stay.

Oh, who would wish to enter fresh  
Earth's dark and troubled land ?  
What if a world behind the flesh  
Yet worse than earth there stand !  
Lord, of a better world we sing ;  
Thither Thou wouldst our spirits bring.

Like glimmers of the light of heaven  
That struggle through the vail,  
Let truth be felt, and joy be given,  
In hours when we are frail :  
Love can our spirits tranquillise,  
Whether the curtain shake or rise.

## XXVI.

WHILE the law on stone is written,  
Stone-like is the mighty word ;  
We with chilling awe are smitten,  
Though the word is thine, O Lord :  
Firm it is as mountains old,  
As their snowy summits cold.

Stone-like, too, on each offender  
Broken laws may heavy fall,  
And with crushing vengeance render  
One a terror unto all :  
Struck themselves, in enmity,  
Ireful sparks may from them fly.

Lord, Thou hast the law re-written,  
Where we may untrembling read ;  
We with tender awe are smitten,  
As we see the Saviour bleed,—  
Bleed in his obedient love,  
Hope and zeal in us to move.

From his heart the law is shining,  
Heart-like is its every word ;  
We who in the cold were pining,  
Of the sunny warmth have heard :  
From the rocks we feared would crush  
At his touch sweet waters gush.

Honoured be the name of Jesus,  
Who for us obedient stood ;  
Faith in Him from fear will ease us,  
Love to Him will make us good :  
When the law in love is shown,  
Hearts we have instead of stone.

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XXVII.

“WHERE is the stream, the happy stream,  
To rid me of distempering heat ;  
To lave me in its running strength,  
And give my heart a moderate beat ?”



Streams not the wind, the breezy wind,  
In sunny currents by thy side?  
The morning and the evening air,  
Oh, hast thou, and yet vainly, tried?

God bathes thee when heart-soothing air  
Ripples around thee easingly;  
Then gently comes the grateful wish  
Yet to be his well-pleasingly.

Yet to be his, and ever his,  
The wistful heart in worship yearns;  
When lighter grows the load of life,  
And injured happiness returns.

Inert in the sepulchral gloom  
Of dusky, spirit-palsying care,  
Why shouldst thou lie, when liberal love  
Awaits thee in the open air?

Chained as thou art, thyself drag forth,  
Fevered and fettered, to the breeze:  
Thy chains shall fall, thy heats subside,  
And the stream cleanse thee as it frees.

## XXVIII.

IN the time of our youth  
What a glory of truth  
    May encircle our brow as we muse !  
Never darksome the day ;  
For go whither we may,  
    We can brighten the light as we choose.

So intense and devout,  
We are never without  
    Something great to be hoped for or done ;  
And are ready to bleed,  
If we may but succeed,  
    And the battle for justice be won.

But this zeal may decay,  
And our light fade away,  
    And the heart may grow misty and cold ;  
And the man at full age  
Be too wise to engage  
    In a battle excepting for gold.

What! is all thou hast done,  
Flash thy sword in the sun,  
And declare what thou one day wouldst do?  
Hadst thou rather now see  
All the world serving thee  
Than by sufferings serve God with the few?

Love's tower, it looked high,  
Seen by fancy's bright eye,  
What a glorious structure to build!  
But the cost, it proved vast,  
And the labour must last  
All thy life: so thine ardour was chilled.

Saviour! who for the truth,  
At the close of thy youth  
Camest forth, and didst wondrously fight;  
Thou canst give what was thine,  
Love and ardour divine:  
Oh, renew us our youth with its light!

## XXIX.

ONE says, "The glow of life is over,  
The summer days are past ;  
The air no more is sweet with clover,  
Bitter is every blast."

Another says, "I too was fearful,  
And thought the summer gone ;  
But now am comforted and cheerful,  
Again the sun hath shone :

The sun hath shone, and now is shining,  
And, oh, the subtle air—  
A solace and a spur combining—  
With marvellous repair  
Rebuilds my heart, that time had wasted,  
And all my hopes re-swell,  
As if, when God began, He hasted  
To make our sickness well."

Oh, though for us is no returning  
Upon our former track,  
The hopes for which our heart is yearning  
Are ever coming back :

Deep inward thrills break up inaction,  
And power we regain,  
When by our Maker's benefaction  
Comes sunshine after rain.

---

## XXX.

SEE ! through the heavenly arch  
With silent stately march  
The starry ranks for ever sweep ;  
In graduate scale of might  
They all are sons of light,  
And all their times and orders keep.

O glorious, countless host,  
Which shall I praise the most,  
Your lustrous groups, or course exact ?  
Ye on your way sublime  
Defy confusing time  
Your light to dim, your path distract.

Earth's early fathers saw  
The gospel and the law  
    In the firm beauty of the skies :  
O thou unswerving Will,  
The unveiled heavens still  
    Show Thee as glorious, good, and wise.

Lord of the starry night,  
With awe and with delight  
    Under thy temple dome we pray :  
Still as we gaze above,  
Temper our fear with love,  
    That we may filial homage pay.

Not as the primal force  
Impelling nature's course,  
    We know Thee, but as Father dear :  
Oh, if with foolish mind  
We judge Thee weakly kind,  
    Correct false love with filial fear.

## XXXI.

FOLDED close the shadows are,  
And no disappearing star  
Tells of morn, still distant far,  
                  Coming slowly on.

On his dusk and silent way,  
Hark, the Lord goes forth to pray !  
He whose mercies yesterday  
                  On the city shone.

Homes where late was sore distress  
Now unusual slumbers bless ;  
Tired with very happiness  
                  Hush'd the sleepers lie.

He for strength must go alone,  
See the sun ascend his throne,  
Feel that symbol of his own  
                  Glorious victory.

Loneliness to Him is rest,  
In his deep and open breast  
Then arise those fountains blest  
By which earth is healed.

Now the day is bright and broad,  
Crossing the still dewy sward,  
Strong to do the work of God,  
Lo, He stands revealed !

Coming from communings sweet  
With his Father, see Him meet  
The inquiring throng, and greet  
All with wisest love.

“ Day advances ; we must reach  
Other cities, there to teach ;  
Far and wide good news to preach,  
Came I from above.”



## XXXII.

CLOSE not, ye heavens, that opened were,  
And shone with such a gladdening light :  
'Twas hard the unbroken dark to bear,  
But harder still re-gathering night.

Oh, shine with an abiding smile ;  
Alone in your unspoken love  
Have I sufficient solace while  
I struggle towards my home above.

Must smiles be brief? Then let there burn  
A light by fresh ones in my heart  
Kindled and fed, till darkness turn  
To day that never can depart.

---

## XXXIII.

THOU shalt not doubt the King most high,  
Whose glory is creation's good :  
Sunlike his beams of majesty  
The storming ages have withstood.

The pillars of eternal right

Who from their rocky hold can wrench ?

The flame of the eternal light

What gloom can hide, what wind can quench ?

Thou shalt not doubt the awful King ;

Glory is his, but terror too ;

The rebel storms their homage bring,

And bow their pride his will to do.

If darkness is his judgment-dress,

His sunny robes He will resume ;

Unfailing He returns to bless,

Like daybreak from the midnight's tomb.

Thou shalt not doubt eternal God ;

Mercy upholds his stately throne ;

He wins creation's heart by blood ;

Our blood it is, and yet his own.

O solemn and consoling sign !

Wilt thou be saved ? He save thee will.

Thy blood was his ; then his is thine ;

He in thee will thine hope fulfil.

## XXXIV.

WHEN the wind is blowing,  
Do not shrink and cower ;  
Firmly onward going,  
Feel the joy of power :  
Heaviest the heart is  
In a heavy air ;  
Every wind that rises  
Blows away despair.

With the waves contending,  
See, the ships prevail,  
Winning aid befriending  
From the adverse gale :  
Thus the way contesting  
Souls must hold their course,  
Thus a blessing wresting  
From each hostile force.

When the darts but rattle  
On the coward's shield,  
He will quit the battle,  
Sword and self will yield :

From the fear of failing  
Shall we cease to pray ?  
On the foe's assailing  
Throw the shield away ?

Hopeless, and yet winning,  
Thou wilt wiser be,  
Wit's end the beginning  
Of new faith in thee :  
Foes, and winds, and weather,  
To oppose, resolve :  
Faith and skill together  
Hardest problems solve.

---

XXXV.

LORD, oft the heavens of day and night,  
Shining as if to sanctify,  
Seem so pathetically bright,  
I breathe a spiritual sigh.

The sigh of one who in unrest  
A moment shares the peace above ;  
The sigh of one who has been blest,  
And gently feels upbraiding love.

The sigh of one who, worn with strife,  
Has careless grown to further harm ;  
But, touched with former, happier life,  
Yearns now for an eternal calm.

Self-blamed, self-pitying, my heart  
Sighing suspects a sad reverse ;  
With joy I chose the better part,  
Can I have left it for the worse ?

Oh, were I good as ye are bright,  
Ye heavens, that proffer sympathy ;  
And steadfast as your stars of light,  
Whose kingly look oft pierces me !

Lord, it is for that life I sigh  
Whose utmost glories are afar ;  
Oft trembling, when I feel it nigh,  
Lest sin and care my hope should mar.

## XXXVI.

LET us with a wind-like song  
Freshen all the air of life ;  
Singing makes the weak heart strong,  
Now to win seems worth the strife :  
Songs to Him who is our light  
Will disperse each cloudy fear ;  
Songs to Him who is our might  
Will the wavering onward cheer.

Let us sing the solemn praise  
Of that blessed Potentate,  
Who with life's eternal blaze  
Does the heavens irradiate :  
He for ever, only He,  
Has a throne all thrones above ;  
Name his realm Immensity,  
Name the mighty ruler Love.

Songs to Thee, O mighty Love,  
Have a sound like coming rain,  
Whose abundance soon shall prove  
Thou hast heard our souls complain.

Oh, forgive our murmurings, Lord ;  
Think but of our thirsty hours ;  
From the bright clouds of thy word  
Let us now have balmy showers.

---

## XXXVII.

THE brooks that brim with showers,  
And sparkle on their way,  
Will freshen and will feed the flowers ;  
Thus working while they play.

Nor will our hearts do less,  
If happily we live ;  
For cheerfulness is usefulness,—  
The life we have we give.

Truth is a sacred rain,  
Our hearts but scanty rills,  
Which higher power and pleasure gain  
As truth the current fills.

If freely we receive,  
We freely will bestow ;  
And tokens of our passage leave  
Where'er we shine and flow.

## XXXVIII.

Oh, where is He that trod the sea,  
Oh, where is He that spake,—  
And demons from their victims flee,  
The dead their slumbers break ;  
The palsied rise in freedom strong,  
The dumb men talk and sing,  
And from blind eyes, benighted long,  
Bright beams of morning spring.

Oh, where is He that trod the sea,  
Oh, where is He that spake,—  
And piercing words of liberty  
The deaf ears open shake ;  
And mildest words arrest the haste  
Of fever's deadly fire,  
And strong ones heal the weak who waste  
Their life in sad desire.

Oh, where is He that trod the sea,  
Oh, where is He that spake,—  
And dark waves, rolling heavily,  
A glassy smoothness take ;



And lepers, whose own flesh has been  
A living loathsome grave,  
See with amaze that they are clean,  
And cry, "'Tis He can save."

Oh, where is He that trod the sea,—  
'Tis only He can save ;  
To thousands hungering wearily  
A wondrous meal He gave :  
Full soon, celestially fed,  
Their rustic fare they take ;  
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,  
And harvest when He brake.

Oh, where is He that trod the sea,—  
My soul! the Lord is here :  
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee,  
To leap, to look, to hear,  
Be thine : thy needs He'll satisfy :  
Art thou diseased, or dumb ?  
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry ?  
" I come," saith Christ ; " I come."

## XXXIX.

LORD, break the deadly battle-bow,  
    Unfold the glorious bow of peace,  
And by that sign of mercy show  
    That war so merciless shall cease.

Lord, shut the cannon's gloomy mouth,  
    For ever hush its thundering tongue ;  
The risen sun must reach the south,  
    The songs of peace must yet be sung.

Fair peace shall be to truth at last,  
    Whose love for her no trouble quells,  
Wedded indissolubly fast,  
    And earth shall hear the marriage-bells.

Yet, Lord, who wilt most surely hush  
    The maddened world into a calm,  
The mighty floods that whirl and rush  
    Have wrought us good, amid their harm.

Thy judgment was a mercy then,  
When Thou didst purify the world,  
And wicked works and wicked men  
One flood to common ruin hurled.

And often by confusions vast  
Hast Thou prepared thy blessings best ;  
Yet, Lord, how long? Oh, for the last  
Great strife, and then the final rest !

Come, thou Redeemer, whom we trust ;  
Come, Jesus, gentle, though severe :  
This have we learned,— we must be just,  
Then Thou wilt make thy peace appear.

Saviour, when thy bright love is shed  
On earth's innumerable tears,  
Mercy's broad bow shall be outspread,  
The hope of sweet millennial years.

## XL.

Is life a groping and a guess,  
A vain cry in a wilderness,  
    No light of home at distance seen?  
And do our hearts like fallen trees  
Drift down the rivers to the seas,  
    Though hope hath once exalted been?

We are not driftwood on the wave;  
But like the ships, that tempests brave,  
    Our hearts upon their voyage stand:  
We utter no unheeded cry,  
“Where is my God?” Lo, He is nigh,  
    And says, “Take, child, thy Father’s hand.”

Must they who seek for wisdom be  
Like mariners on a shoreless sea,  
    Still circling round the water-world;  
At last, exhausting heart and store,  
To spring a leak, and, seen no more,  
    To sink, though still with sail unfurled?

His soul a haven found for rest  
Who leaned upon his Saviour's breast—  
    An island mid the waters' foam :  
But once at rest, lo, soon we are  
At sea again, and Christ our star,  
    And God our final port and home.

---

## XLI.

I GIVE myself to prayer ;  
    Lord, give Thyself to me,  
And let the time of my request  
    Thy time of answer be.

My thoughts are like the reeds,  
    And tremble as they grow,  
In the sad current of a life  
    That darkly runs and slow.

No song is in the air,  
    But one pervading fear ;  
Death's shadow dims my light, and Death  
    Himself is lurking near.

I am as if asleep,  
Yet conscious that I dream ;  
Like one who vainly strives to wake  
And free himself, I seem.

The loud distressful cry  
With which I call on Thee,  
Shall wake me, Lord, to find that Thou  
Canst give me liberty.

Oh, break this darksome spell,  
This murky sadness strange,  
Let me the terrors of the night  
For cheerful day exchange.

Freshen the air with wind,  
Comfort my heart with song ;  
Let thoughts be lilies pure, and life  
A river bright and strong.

Save me from subtle Death,  
Who, serpent-like, by fear  
Palsies me for escape, yet draws  
His trembling victim near.

I give myself to prayer ;  
Lord, give Thyself to me ;  
And in the time of my distress,  
Oh, haste and succour me.

Then, be my heart, my world,  
Re-hallowed unto Thee,  
And thy pervading glory, Lord,  
Oh, let me feel and see.

---

XLII.

LORD, why dost Thou thy love conceal,  
And why so long a silence keep ?  
When souls by Thee forsaken feel,  
Childlike, they tremble and they weep ;

Or stand in mute and tearless woe  
Like crosses, which their victims leave,  
And which no more the sufferer show,  
But tell of grief, yet do not grieve.

O Lord, when darkest grows the hour,  
And loneliest feels the childlike heart,  
Then show Thyself in sudden power  
To be the Father that Thou art.

And when the rigid heart but seems  
A monument of former woe,  
Reveal love's meaning in extremes,  
And crosses trees of life shall grow.

---

XLIII.

CAN a trustless thought intrude,  
While I stand in gratitude  
Looking at you, O sweet flowers,  
Prophets still of happy hours?

True it is I gaze and sigh,  
So uncouth and darksome I;  
But I should not love you so,  
Could I not more lovely grow.



Though it may not yet be seen  
What ye severally mean,  
As by alphabetic speech  
Though ye can no wisdom teach ;

Yet ye seem to sing a strain  
Into joy converting pain ;  
And our creeping thoughts arise  
Winged for sunny ecstasies.

Oh, what forms and tints have ye,  
Nature's living jewelry ;  
And though each of beauty rare,  
Yet how plentiful ye are !

Happy are the pure, whose heart  
Freely blooms in every part ;  
Godly acts are living gems,  
Fit for crowns and diadems.

## XLIV.

THE dewy flowers, more beautiful  
For tears upon their open face,  
Gaze on us as from hearts brimful  
Of tender pity for our case.

Pitying they look, and yet as sure  
That not without good hope we are ;  
Will we not patiently endure ?  
Help cannot now be distant far.

Help is not far, ye tender flowers,  
Whose beauty must so soon be past ;  
For God hath gifted you with powers  
To help us while your blossoms last.

Help while they last ? Oh, yes, and when  
Their colour fades, their leaflets dry,  
Remembering ye must bloom again,  
Help have we in that memory.

## XLV.

THE lengthening light leads on the year  
From flushing spring towards autumn sere,  
And all the marvels have begun  
That wait upon the strengthening sun :  
And spring has of those plants the power  
Whose earliest blades enclose a flower.

Now brighter hues and clearer light  
Are later lingering every night.  
Sing, heart ! with an adoring sense  
Of nature's new magnificence :  
Oh, look not on the glowing sky  
Without a childlike ecstasy.

Spring so with strength her sweetness blends,  
Our heart its wintry covering rends :  
We have been, may we yet be, glad ?  
May former vantage still be had ?  
Have we this year another prime,  
To countervail our misused time ?

Now earth seems by the heavens above  
Bewept with wonderment and love :  
Oh, heaven, thy prodigal embrace,  
Show him the old maternal face ;  
Thy love, unlost ! his fear relieves,  
At his own happiness he grieves.

My God, in nature I confess  
A beauty fraught with holiness ;  
Love-written, plainly I descry  
My life's commandment in the sky :  
Oh, still to me the days endear  
When lengthening light leads on the year.

In pity and benignity, .  
Saviour, oh, fully shine on me ;  
And as thy beams upon me glow,  
Their power within me I would show :  
May clustering actions on that vine,  
My heart, in grape-like beauty shine.

## XLVI.

DAY is passing, night is nigh ;  
Hast thou, spirit, done thy best ?  
Quiet breadths of evening sky  
Tell thee there remains a rest.

Hast thou been of flesh the thrall ?  
Now, awhile at sunset free,  
Oh, resolve, with morning's call,  
To assert thy liberty.

Dost thou breathe an anxious prayer  
Darkly, like a cloud of sighs ?  
Darkest clouds in glory share  
As they towards the zenith rise.

Through the sky, a temple dim,  
God is shining from the west ;  
And like shadowing cherubim,  
North and south his throne invest.

Rising through the temple's height,  
Prayers shall brighten as they meet  
Streams of sweet and solemn light  
Flowing from that mercy-seat.

---

## XLVII.

O HOLY ones, O watchers calm,  
While night anoints the earth with dew  
In silent love, can any harm  
Befal us as we gaze on you?

Gazing on you we honour Him  
Who sends to earth your welcome light,  
Across this dusky ocean dim  
Which circles round us every night.

Do spirits from your distant shore,  
Ye homes of bright tranquillity,  
Sail sometimes, to see earth once more,  
Across this intervening sea?

Stand by us, when at solemn night,  
As once they did, for peace we yearn ;  
Whisper the secret, " All is right,"  
Then, blessing us, unseen return ?

It must be so ; and living ones,  
Unseen although they are so bright,  
Shedding their life around like suns,  
Fill now the darkness with delight.

The starry air is full of bliss,—  
What evil can the soul befall ?  
The soul with friends surrounded is,  
And, lo ! it loves the Lord of all.

---

XLVIII.

Now have we met that we may ask  
Recruited vigour for the task  
Of living as we would :  
For we would live by that same word  
Which all the honoured men have heard  
Who by their faith have stood.

By faith first vanquishing their fear,  
They met each foe as he drew near,  
    And still the victory won ;  
And often saved from deadly harm,  
They sang anew the ancient psalm,  
    “ God is our shield and sun.”

Through God alone can man be strong ;  
To comfort us He gave this song :  
    “ In Jesus Christ we stand ;  
Death held Him in his gloomy prison,  
He broke the chains, and has arisen,  
    To rule the deathless land.”

His is the new and ancient word ;  
All wisdom man hath ever heard  
    Hath been both his and He :  
He is the very life of truth,  
In Him it has eternal youth  
    And certain victory.

An inner light, an inner calm  
Have they who trust his champion arm,  
    And hearing do his will :  
For things are not as they appear ;  
In death is life, in trouble cheer,  
    So faith is conqueror still.



Thus would we live ; and therefore pray  
For strength renewed, that we may say,  
Our life, it upward tends :  
If we who sing must sometimes sigh,  
Yet life, beginning with a cry,  
In hallelujah ends.

---

## XLIX.

JESUS, great friend of open speech  
Which wisdom prompts and wisdom leads,  
True courage give, discretion teach,  
To every one for Thee who pleads.

Discreetly may we guard the truth  
From all dishonour to its fame ;  
And bold as with renewing youth,  
Indifferent be to foolish blame.

Discreetly may we guard our life  
From faults that its professions mock ;  
But boldly stand in error's strife,  
And meet proud contradiction's shock.

And ever at instruction's hour  
Oh, may our spirit and our tongue  
Work for the Church by mutual power,  
As for the body heart and lung.

Like bells, the loud alarm which sound,  
Yet send afar the cheerful news  
Of peace achieved and victors crowned,  
Oh, may we all our voices use.

And oh, oft fill us with the rush  
Of heavenly winds ; for then shall burn  
Tongues calmly bright, and all shall hush  
And towards the quiet glory turn.

---

L.

As with sunny showers of song,  
Water now the new-sown grain ;  
Bright the blades must be and strong,  
Fullest ears we then may gain.

Scatter with the breeze of song,  
From the newly opened flowers,  
Fragrance all our path along,  
Rich with salutary powers.

Thus the blessings of thy word  
Fully, Lord, ensure to those  
Who have felt that, as they heard,  
Seeds were cast and blossoms rose.

Truths, by prompting us to sing,  
Better thy designs effect :  
So, our grateful worshipping  
Thou, the Truth, wilt not reject.

---

## LI.

SEE the tide as advancing it breaks on the shingle,  
Then shines for a moment and ripples away ;  
Many waves in succession their efforts must mingle  
Before the bright waters will cover the bay.

See the effort of man as he onward advances,—  
The wave, it runs back or is broken in spray ;  
But the effort renews, and in spite of mischances  
To-morrow is still in advance of to-day.

Then, my soul, let no check to the truth be dismaying,  
Nor fear that thy rest will to thee be denied ;  
For the Church and each Christian, heaven's forces  
obeying,  
Shall float into harbour at height of the tide.

---

LII.

O LORD, Thou art not fickle ;  
Our hope is not in vain ;  
The harvest for the sickle  
Will ripen yet again.

But though enough be given  
For all the world to eat,  
Sin with thy love has striven  
Its bounty to defeat.

Were men to one another  
As kind as God to all,  
Then no man on his brother  
For help would vainly call.

On none for idle wasting  
Would honest labour frown ;  
And none, to riches hasting,  
Would tread his neighbour down.

Oh, is there one in twenty  
With his own lot content,  
Though God has bread and plenty  
To all the nations sent ?

Till heart to heart is plighted  
In faith on heaven above,  
Earth's harvests must be blighted  
For want of mutual love.

No man enough possesses  
Until he has to spare ;  
Possession no man blesses  
While self is all his care.

For blessings on our labour,  
Oh, then, in hope we pray,  
When love unto our neighbour  
Is ripening every day.

---

## LIII.

WHERE is thy God, my soul?  
Is He within thy heart;  
Or ruler of a distant realm  
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?  
Only in stars and sun;  
Or have the holy words of truth  
His light in every one?

Where is thy God, my soul?  
Confined to Scripture's page;  
Or does his Spirit check and guide  
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,  
Rule Thou within my heart ;  
Oh, great Adorner of the world,  
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,  
Bestow thy holy power ;  
And aid me, whether work or thought  
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,  
As all my fathers had ;  
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,  
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

---

LIV.

FALLEN from ancestral glory,  
Shall we live unworthy days ;  
Dull to the inspiring story  
Of great Love's heroic praise ?

Citizens of no mean city,  
If we bubbles idly chase,  
Scorn will dry the founts of pity,  
All men brand us with disgrace.

Christians ! think what ye inherit,  
Read the archives of our State ;  
Jesus Christ is king by merit,  
Oh, be worthy and be great ;  
Foam-like, man with vain pretensions  
Dashing upwards sinks and dies :  
Tree-like, saints to full dimensions  
Solidly and slowly rise.

We, of fathers learned, witty,  
And their lesser fame, are proud ;  
See the martyr, mystic city,  
Ages vest it like a cloud ;  
Cloudy Time with hues of glory  
Canopies its ancient fame ;  
Shall the lustre of its story  
But the darker make our shame ?

Let us each some honoured father  
Emulate in new career ;



Say not, "Who am I?" but rather,  
    "Whose am I, that I should fear?  
I am Christ's; and I will cherish  
    Every dear ancestral name:  
I am Christ's; I cannot perish,  
    Partner of his power and fame."

Add a line unto the story,  
    Add a name unto the roll,  
Add a beam unto the glory,  
    Add a part unto the whole:  
Men, of ragstone and of rubble  
    Palaces and churches build;  
Shall, of men, a Saviour's trouble  
    Fail to rear what He hath willed?

Let us each be humble, fervent,  
    Bloom to heaven, but root in earth,  
Show the royal eyes observant  
    Homely, tender-hearted worth:  
When the mingled crowd is sifted,  
    Christ the tiniest grain will save;  
Locust-like let fears be drifted  
    Down into oblivion's wave.

## LV.

My faith, it is an oaken staff,  
The traveller's well-loved aid ;  
My faith, it is a weapon stout,  
The soldier's trusty blade :  
I'll travel on, and still be stirred  
By silent thought or social word,  
By all my perils undeterred,  
A soldier-pilgrim staid.

I have a Captain, and the heart  
Of every private man  
Has drunk in valour from his eyes  
Since first the war began :  
He is most merciful in fight,  
And of his scars a single sight  
The embers of our failing might  
Into a flame can fan.

I have a Guide, and in his steps  
When travellers have trod,  
Whether beneath was flinty rock  
Or yielding grassy sod,

They cared not, but with force unspent,  
Unmoved by pain, they onward went,  
Unstayed by pleasures, still they bent  
Their zealous course to God.

My faith, it is an oaken staff,  
Oh, let me on it lean ;  
My faith, it is a trusty sword,  
May falsehood find it keen !  
Thy Spirit, Lord, to me impart,  
Oh, make me what Thou ever art,—  
Of patient and courageous heart,  
As all true saints have been.

---

## LVI.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would gracious be,  
And with words that help and heal  
Would thy life in mine reveal ;  
And with actions bold and meek  
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would truthful be ;  
And with wisdom kind and clear  
Let thy life in mine appear ;  
And with actions brotherly  
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would tender be ;  
Shut my heart up like a flower,  
At temptation's darksome hour ;  
Open it when shines the sun,  
And his love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would quiet be,  
Quiet as the growing blade  
Which through earth its way has made ;  
Silently, like morning light,  
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would mighty be,

Mighty so as to prevail  
Where unaided man must fail ;  
Ever by a mighty hope  
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—  
I myself would holy be ;  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good ;  
And whatever I can be  
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

---

LVII.

O MORNING so bright,  
So sunny, so sweet,  
Thou comest from God  
Our spirits to greet ;  
The weary heart rises,  
It cannot lie still ;  
Strange vigour surprises  
The care-fettered will.

How can we despair,  
Or brood on our wrong?  
How can we be weak,  
When all things are strong?  
The morning has smiled,  
And our hopes in the sun,  
Like the feet of a child,  
Cannot move but they run.

With sorrow our ears  
Have oft been dismayed,  
To sorrow our tears  
Some tribute have paid ;  
But tears from the sky  
Have been all wiped away ;  
This latest is bright  
As the earliest day.

Dark things that we know  
Now shall not distress ;  
All grievance and woe  
Our God will redress :

Bright things least expected  
We feel may be true,  
Now joys have returned  
That we formerly knew.

Oh, be Thou our sun,  
Thou source of his flame,  
Then joyful we run  
Who were tired and lame :  
If love, in thy word,  
Like the morning arise,  
Complaints are unheard,  
Incredulity dies.

No heart that desponds  
Desponding need stay ;  
Thou breakest our bonds  
At break of the day :  
Our liberty won,  
And our heart full of praise,  
This day of the sun  
Has the light of seven days.

## LVIII.

LORD, on thy returning day,  
From common labour freed,  
We are come to sing and pray  
With felt returning need ;  
Come to seek our former rest,  
Come to urge our old request.

Show us, Lord, the goal of life,  
And give us heart to run ;  
Breathe the peace that follows strife,  
Lest future work we shun :  
Hearts that hasty time has grieved  
Are by Sabbath calm relieved.

We would sing as in the rays  
Of mercy ever bright,  
Which endureth, to thy praise,  
For ever thy delight :  
Sing for happiness we know,  
Or that we may happy grow.



We would pray as those who stand  
Their truest friend beside,  
Whom He taketh by the hand  
Unto their God to guide :  
By his power and for his sake  
Fully us thy children make.

---

## LIX.

LORD, I on every day  
With grateful heart would say,  
“Thy truths are sure and beautiful ;  
How can my life grow dull ?”

And when I eat and drink,  
I joyfully would think,  
That all Thou hast created good  
May be a wise man’s food.

And as I work and trade,  
Pay others and am paid,  
“ Knowledge,” I’ll say, “ we must not cease  
To exchange, and so increase.”

And when I hear the crowd  
In busy traffic loud,  
I'll cry, "How sweet would be the sound,  
Were all but brothers found!"

And when my friends at night  
Count my return delight,  
I'll think how pleased my God will be  
His child in heaven to see.

---

LX.

KING of darkness, king of light,  
Evil can but rule the night  
As usurper, not by right,—  
Thine the true control.

In the busy crowded day  
Thee we trust, to Thee we pray ;  
Else an entering shadow may  
Chill and blind our soul.

When the evening comes, we muse,  
Till a brightening love bedews  
So our hearts, they can but choose  
    Now to offer praise :

For with sleep thou canst not bless  
Those whose wayward restlessness,  
Through anxiety's excess,  
    Troubles nights and days.

Now the slender starbeams are  
Messengers from countries far,  
Which on missions regular  
    Come to give us hope,

That our fretting cares shall cease,  
That the war shall end in peace,  
And from limits blest release  
    Yield desired scope.

## LXI.

I WALKED on sands beside the sea,  
And heard its ever-pulsing heart ;  
And mine was moved with sympathy,  
Desiring of such strength a part :  
Thou restest not, nor needest rest,  
O sea ; while I who love thee yet  
Remain so weak, and at the best  
Am but a wish and a regret.

The moon with glory filled the air,  
With holy lustre very calm,  
And all my thoughts in silence were  
Of fleeting good and frequent harm :  
Yet happy with a heart so tired  
Beside the moony waves to stand ;  
I saw the good that I desired,  
Clear as my shadow on the sand.

I did not long to go to rest,  
I longed for rest to come to me,  
And said, " Lord, oh, that I were blest  
With strength and with serenity ;

A heart as subject to thy will,  
And lighted with as calm a light,  
As waves which now the harbour fill,  
And lift their crests so purely bright.”

---

## LXII.

LORD of that undistracted realm  
Which cloudless night reveals,  
Of every world Thou hast the helm,—  
What though the vessel reels?  
If life is a tempestuous sea,  
Which winds imperious sway;  
Though winds are mightier than we,  
Thou mightier art than they.

Like earth, oh, does each quiet star  
A stormy passage urge,  
And are we but away too far  
To hear the beating surge?  
Thus through a distant valley's length  
Slow seems to glide the train,  
And scarce is heard the throbbing strength  
Of the swift engine's strain.

One ruler is there of the seas,  
One pilot at the helm ;  
Our hearts are rising with the breeze,  
Fear cannot overwhelm :  
O Jesus, Thou the ruler art,  
The captain kind and brave ;  
Sailing with Thee, our steadfast heart  
Defies the unsteady wave.

---

LXIII.

As we by successive stages  
Upward climb towards the sky,  
Still a widening view engages  
An untired and wondering eye.

Though the mountain slopes are gusty,  
Torrents roar and chasms yawn,  
Guide and staff alike are trusty,  
New fatigues are better borne.

Look ! above us some are mounting,  
And below us some press on ;  
But we must not stop for counting  
Who has on this journey gone.

Mountain chains are but the bridges  
That a border district span,  
Breathless from the topmost ridges  
Our new country we shall scan ;

See its plains in plenty sweeping,  
See its bright and bowery homes ;  
There no hunger is, no weeping,  
There no grief, no spoiler, comes.

Ever in such mountain ranges  
Rugged difficulties stand ;  
He who crosses them exchanges  
Earth for the fair heavenly land.

## LXIV.

Oh, rest awhile, but only for a while ;  
Life's business presses, and the time is short :  
Ease may the weary of reward beguile ;  
Let not the workman lose what he has wrought.

Rest for a while, if only for a while ;  
The strong birds tire, and gladly seek their nest :  
With quiet heart enjoy heaven's quiet smile ;  
What strength has he who never takes his rest ?

Rest for a while, though 'tis but for a while ;  
Home flies the bee, then soon re-quits the hive :  
Rest on thy staff, walk then another mile ;  
Soon will the long, the final rest arrive.

Oh, rest awhile, for rest is self-return ;  
Leave the loud world, and visit thine own breast ;  
The meaning of thy labours thou wilt learn,  
When thus at peace, with Jesus for thy guest.



## LXV.

FROM each dark branchlet of the trees  
When starry buds begin to shine,  
Their swelling light the watcher sees  
Soon break into a flowery sign  
Of life no winters can subdue,  
And love that never can grow less ;  
Which ancient plenty brings anew,  
With a forerunning loveliness.

The ever-unforsaken earth  
Is re-espoused in vernal hour,  
And mid serenity and mirth  
Receives of wealth a starry dower :  
Heaven plights his love to her anew,  
And clothes her in a wedding dress,  
And will through changing months be true  
To this forerunning loveliness.

O heart, art thou again in flower,  
And does an inward force impel,  
Itself impelled by heavenly power,  
Thy thought in happy hopes to swell?

Doth God again in covenant new  
Unite with thee thy life to bless?  
Then let thy future work be true  
To such forerunning loveliness.

---

## LXVI.

WHEN the clouds so soft and tender  
Float upon the smiling blue,  
Lord, our heart, that old offender,  
Asks that it may serve anew.

Winter now his sword is sheathing,  
And the warring winds are still,  
Thou upon our hearts art breathing,  
And they lose constraint and chill.

All things happy seem and loving,  
All of tempers meek and sweet;  
And the covered buds unglowing  
Seem with offered hand to greet.

Shall our hearts be dull and cheerless?

Oh, forbid it mercy's powers ;

Lord, we lowly will, yet fearless,

Look Thee in the face like flowers.

When of days like these returning

We with gentle sorrow think,

Days of holy hope and yearning,

Lord, from facing Thee we shrink.

Yet, though former flowers were blighted,

Wilt Thou present ones reject?

Let not offerings new be slighted ;

Oh, forgive our past neglect.

---

LXVII.

How firmly they stand,

Who, piercing the sand,

Have reached and have built on the durable rock !

The wind and the wave,

However they rave,

Shall assault them in vain with impetuous shock.

How sweet is the rest  
With which they are blest  
Who the violent brunt of the storm have withstood,  
When silent and clear  
The heavens reappear  
So eternally true and eternally good !

But he that hath willed  
His dwelling to build  
On the loose shifting sands of pretence and applause,  
He hath not a home ;  
For should the flood come,  
He must fall by the stroke of reality's laws.

Oh, great is the fall,  
When downward sink all  
Temples, houses, and palaces built on the sand ;  
Though stately and gay,  
More mighty than they  
Is the tempest, which nothing but rock can with-  
stand.

But if in life's course,  
With merciful force,

Truth should come in a storm, and destroy thine  
abode ;

Thyself thou mayst save  
From the threatening wave,

If with earnest repentance thou criest to God.

He gives thee anew  
To choose for the true ;

Digging deep, found the house of obedient faith :  
But why should the wise

Need terror's surprise

To teach them what wisdom convincingly saith ?

---

LXVIII.

O THOU, who by the meat and drink  
Which bounteous earth supplies  
Enablest the brain to think,  
And brightenest the eyes :

Who buildest up our fleshly frame,  
And dost that frame repair ;  
Changing, yet keeping it the same,  
With most mysterious care :

How can the mute unconscious bread  
    Become the speaking tongue ;  
And nerves, through which our pleasures spread,  
    And which by pain are wrung ?

Can lifeless water help to form  
    The living, leaping blood,  
Whose gentle flow, in passion's storm  
    Becomes a ruffled flood ?

How much I know, yet know not how  
    The thing I know can be :  
The Lord of mysteries art Thou,—  
    Lord, I believe in Thee.

The powers of common blood and flesh  
    My spirit foul and grieve :  
O Lord, create my spirit fresh,  
    Then these new health receive.

On Christ, the meat and drink divine,  
    I feed my thoughts and heart ;  
At each repast some acts are mine,  
    But thine the chiefest part.

Through Thee I stronger, better grow,  
Old life for new exchange ;  
Thy work divine by this I know,—  
It blends the plain and strange.

---

## LXIX.

IN the fellowship of song  
Let us worship happily ;  
Evil spirits dark and strong  
Fly before bright harmony.

Into hearts sweet music sinks  
Like the rain-drops from the sky,  
Which, when withering nature shrinks,  
Fainting earth forbid to die.

Singing, lo, some truth of love,  
With an instantaneous light  
Swift descending from above,  
Shines celestially bright ;

Smites the fetters from our soul,  
Leaves the soul itself unscathed :  
Soon we hear the thunder roll,  
And in balmier air are bathed.

Brightest truth's report we hear  
Echoing through the breadths of time ;  
And we hark with holy fear  
To the lingering sounds sublime.

Song, like storm, can shake the heart,  
All its feelings change and clear,  
Bid the stagnant glooms depart  
That oppress life's atmosphere.

---

## LXX.

WE come to the place of our rest,  
Each traveller comes with his friend ;  
A brotherly heart is the best,  
If heavenward our footsteps we bend :



How many the journey have gone !

How various the tales that they tell !

But all who go patiently on

Shall find at the end it is well.

We come to the temple of peace,

As comrades we come from the war ;

Our limbs from their armour release,

To-morrow the sword we must draw.

We'll hear how the weak have prevailed,

And think of the deeds they have done ;

And then, when we next are assailed,

Success may be easily won.

We come for the hour of repose,

As labourers we come from our toil ;

We'll think of the prosperous close,

Nor rest let anxiety spoil :

We'll sit on the side of the hill,

And look on the fields we have sown ;

The cars are beginning to fill,

The harvest will soon be our own.

## LXXI.

OUR heart is like a little pool,  
Left by the ebbing sea,  
Of crystal waters still and cool,  
When we rest musingly.

And see, what verdure exquisite  
Within it hidden grows !  
We never should have had the sight  
But for this brief repose.

And such a sight shall not be vain ;  
These beauties they require  
That we, though waves return again,  
Return when waves retire.

I'll oft return as to a book  
Written with heavenly art ;  
Intent beneath the surface look,  
And read in thee, my heart.

## LXXII.

SEE multitudes surrounding  
Life's fount admire its beauty ;  
But wisdom's word, how often heard  
When few have thought of duty :  
It yields supplies abounding,  
And blest is the receiver ;  
Then shall we choose to praise the hues,  
Forgetting thirst and fever ?

Once multitudes were gazing  
Upon one living centre,  
The Son of Man, as He began  
On love's discourse to enter ;  
All the sweet words were praising,—  
Some wept as they were chidden ;  
But only few that Saviour knew,  
Who from the most was hidden.

Rise, fount of life, for ever ;  
Oh, Saviour, still be speaking ;  
For some reproved, by love are moved,  
And life's supply are seeking.

Truth's brilliance fading never  
Wins many an eye admiring ;  
And some around will still be found  
To quaff the draught inspiring.

---

## LXXIII.

SLOW is the fall to winter dark,  
As from the summer's height  
The chillier days our progress mark  
And the still-lengthening night.

Slow are the steps by which we gain  
Our vernal liberty,  
And long we drag the frosty chain  
That bound us heavily.

A happy progress, sure though slow,  
To bright and lengthening days,  
Dost thou, O rescued spirit, know,  
And hast thou rendered praise ?

Beware ! another winter-tide  
    May coldly shut thee in,  
Through forces thou hast not defied  
    Of slowly strengthening sin.

Thy summer, let it never fall  
    Towards winter dark again ;  
Thy heart's sweet fields are covered all  
    With heaven's swelling grain.

And golden light they every day  
    Must drink in from the sun ;  
Then God will fetch his sheaves away  
    When summer's course has run.

---

LXXIV.

WISDOM coming from above  
Fills for us the cup of love ;  
Drinking, let us upwards move  
    Towards the seats of power.

Father, thine the royal throne;  
All that hath thy power shown  
Thou in love's design hast done,  
                    Done in wisdom's hour.

Let us through our Saviour wise,  
By his loving spirit rise  
To our Father in the skies ;  
                    He is good and great.

Oh, were this but understood,—  
To be great we must be good ;  
Learning then of Christ, we should  
                    Humbly serve and wait.

---

LXXV.

HEART of Christ, O cup most golden,  
Brimming with salvation's wine,  
Million souls have been beholden  
Unto thee for life divine ;

Thou art full of blood the purest,  
Love the tenderest and surest :  
Blood is life, and life is love ;  
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,  
Out of thee the martyrs drank,  
Who for truth in cities olden  
Spake, nor from the torture shrank ;  
Saved they were from traitor's meanness,  
Filled with joys of holy keenness :  
Strong are those that drink of love ;  
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,  
To remotest place and time  
Thou for labours wilt embolden  
Unpresuming but sublime :  
Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,  
When from thee new life is taken :  
Truth recruits itself by love ;  
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,  
Taking of thy cordial blest,

Soon the sorrowful are folden  
In a gentle healthful rest :  
Thou anxieties art easing,  
Pains implacable appeasing :  
Grief is comforted by love ;  
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden,  
Liberty from thee we win ;  
We who drink, no more are holden  
By the shameful cords of sin ;  
Pledge of mercy's sure forgiving,  
Powers for a holy living,—  
These, thou cup of love, are thine ;  
Love, thou art the mightiest wine.

---

LXXVI.

“ FATHER, what portion of thy goods  
Falleth to me thy son ?  
Why are my brothers better off,  
With much where I have none ? ”



“ My son, and hast thou known my love,  
And dost thou love me now ?  
Then many a far richer man  
Far poorer is than thou.

Thou hast thy Bible and thy bread ;  
And waiting thou wilt see  
The secret meaning of thy life,  
And all my care for thee.

Was not earth's most auspicious hour  
One darksome, sad, and wild ?  
When Crucifixion was the birth,  
Redemption was the child.

And by thine Elder Brother now  
I am redeeming thee ;  
He gives thee, that thou mayst be rich,  
To feel thy poverty.

He gives thee, that thou mayst be kind,  
To grieve at cold neglect ;  
He gives thee, that thou mayst be wise,  
To feel thine own defect.

He gives thee, that celestial joy  
Thy common hours may bless,  
To feel in all the shows of earth  
Essential nothingness.

One loving Brother, then, thou hast,  
Who makes his wealth thine own :  
He goodness is ; and what are goods  
If God remain unknown ?”

---

LXXVII.

O God, our spirits unassisted  
Must unsuccessful be ;  
Who ever hath the world resisted  
Except by help from Thee ?  
But saved by a divine alliance  
From terrors of defeat,  
Unvauntingly, yet with defiance,  
One man the world may meet.

Disciples see their Master bleeding  
Upon the dreadful cross ;

Hopeless of better days succeeding,  
They mourn the battle's loss :  
But at this hour of their bewailing,  
While sin on sorrow rails,  
'Tis man who triumphs that is failing,  
'Tis Christ who dies prevails.

Though evil hearts together leaguings  
May do the righteous wrong ;  
And cruel craft with force intriguing  
Feel confidently strong ;  
We know, if but the Saviour's story  
With heart of faith we read,  
That God through sufferings unto glory  
Salvation's sons will lead.

Say not, O soul, thou art defeated,  
Because thou art distress ;  
If thou of better things art cheated,  
Thou canst not be of best :  
Thy heaviest sighs with swift ascending  
Plead, and thy God attends ;  
And soon, the clouded heavens rending,  
In comfort's beam descends.

My soul is for a crown aspiring,  
The crown of righteousness ;  
My soul is for the truth inquiring,—  
For God, and nothing less :  
Sin, sorrow, and the dark conspiring,  
Assault me, and I bleed ;  
Tired am I, but through love untiring  
I know I shall succeed.

---

## LXXVIII.

SPIRIT of sacred happiness,  
Who makest energy delight,  
And love to be in weakness might ;  
Now with enlivening impulse bless,  
Now re-confirm our steadfastness,  
And make us vigorous and bright.

Blessed be Thou, O Heart supreme,  
Sweet charity's unfailing well,  
Whose bounty all the countries tell ;  
Drinking of Thee, with sunny gleam  
Forth-leaping into action's stream,  
Our heart's replenished fountains swell.

Both work and sport Thou hallowest,  
Canst blissful make the busiest days ;  
And woes that else benumb and craze  
By Thee to finer joys are blest,  
And hearts, of deeper power possest,  
With grateful tears thy wisdom praise.

Spirit of bliss and sanctity,  
Who art invincible in good,  
Who hate and mockery hast withstood  
In every age ; how coward we,  
How selfish, restless, till by Thee  
Inspired to do the thing we would !

By unremorseful joys, oh, woo  
Our hearts to holy effort still :  
Now with young life volition fill ;  
For child-like, we are god-like too,—  
Likest our Father when we do  
With filial love and haste his will.

## LXXIX.

MY work appointed I have done,  
I who the work in doubt begun ;  
In mercy, Lord, accept from me  
All that appointed was by Thee.

Never would I commence a task  
But I thy will would know or ask ;  
But often I present to Thee  
A good work done too wilfully.

The wise must heavenly service do  
In heavenly mode and measure too ;  
Else their appointed tasks may be  
Done rather to themselves than Thee.

How oft we persevere in pride  
With work that should be laid aside !  
How oft thy choicer works postpone  
For others that are more our own !

Leave me not, Lord, and I will be  
A better servant unto Thee ;  
And what I have in zeal begun  
Shall with discretion too be done.

And what I do with my delight,  
And what I do with all my might,  
Nor joy nor ardour shall pervert,  
To cause my weakness and my hurt.

My words are of my heart : oh, hear,  
And give me a love-tempered fear ;  
Then work and working both shall be  
Appointed and approved by Thee.

---

LXXX.

SINCE penalties so fearful  
Thou dost to sin award,  
How can our heart be cheerful,  
How can we love Thee, Lord ?

Because Thou still art gracious,  
Lord, even in thine ire,—  
Round blissful heaven spacious  
It is protective fire.

Fear makes our souls the fitter  
To prize thy love and Thee ;  
For if the curse be bitter,  
Sweet must the blessing be :  
Oh, sweet to hear Thee saying,  
“ Peace, heart, be ever still ;”  
Oh, sweet the full obeying  
Of thine eternal will.

To Thee our heart is crying  
Amid deceiving sin,  
And worldly fears defying  
The faith that rules within :  
We from estranging error  
Our love to Thee would guard ;  
To us the chiefest terror  
Is lest we leave Thee, Lord.

Be fear to us a measure  
For valuing our hope ;



And teach how great our treasure,  
How great salvation's scope ;  
How great the love unsparing  
Of Him who for us died ;  
How great the mercy caring  
New succours to provide.

Oh, may we know Thee zealous  
To save us from our pain ;  
But ever wisely jealous  
Lest sin advantage gain :  
In smiting what Thou hatest,  
Such love is in thy wrath,  
That all which Thou createst  
The surer glory hath.

---

## LXXXI.

SEE, bannered armies hem  
The favoured city round ;  
Vain are thy towers, Jerusalem ;  
False art thou found :

With hills divinely girt  
And massive walls of stone,  
Impregnable to others' hurt,  
Lost by thine own.

Thy Temple, like a gem,  
Adorns thee, faithless bride ;  
Thy God, O fair Jerusalem,  
Hath left thy side :  
Ah, happy once and blest,  
A golden-feathered dove,  
When, like the jewel on thy breast,  
Shone forth thy love.

A fruitless, fallen stem,  
Low on the miry earth  
Lies beautiful Jerusalem,  
Spoiled of her worth ;  
Fire through her branches runs,—  
Consume her ! she hath sinned ;  
Like ashes now her scattered sons  
Fly on the wind.

My soul, lament for them ;  
Learn from this fatal fall ;

For of a new Jerusalem  
Sons are we all :  
Round us are mightier towers,  
A brighter heaven above :  
Oh, be the Lord's, as He is ours,  
In faithful love.

---

## LXXXII.

BREATHE ON US for the passing day  
The powers of ancient story ;  
Then we with joyful heart shall say,  
“ Though Wisdom's head be hoary,  
His heart is fresh, undimmed his eyes ;  
And in the old we must be wise,  
If we would win new glory.”

New is the world at every hour,  
New runners find new races ;  
New is the spirit's prompting power,  
New hearts obtain new graces :  
But old and new are faith and love,  
And the great thought, all thoughts above,  
First things and last embraces.

How came it, men of faith, to pass  
That ye were mighty-handed?  
How brake ye down the gates of brass  
When few of ye were banded?  
It was that through your open soul  
God like a tide did onward roll,  
And left no vessel stranded.

How was it, lovers of your kind,  
Though ye were mocked and hated,  
That ye with clear and patient mind  
Truth's holy doctrine stated?  
In God, as in an ark, ye kept;  
Around, and not above you, swept  
The flood till it abated.

O Father of all mighty men,  
A river-fount unsealing  
In our dry hearts, oh, let us then  
See Christ in full revealing;  
Touched by the sceptre of his cross,  
With knightly scorn of shame and loss  
We shall arise from kneeling.

The rivers never backward run  
That for the sea are yearning,

And never is the mid-day sun  
Found on his course returning :  
By gathering force, and onward stress,  
And strengthening beams, all doubt repress,  
My soul, thyself concerning.

---

## LXXXIII.

WEAK we are, although sincere ;  
But in our sincerity  
Pleading weakness, we are here  
To obtain a hope from Thee,  
That we never  
Shall our own confusion see.

Often ready is our heart,  
Longing for an early rest,  
From its labours to depart  
While of little yet possest :  
Oh, may patience  
Faith confirm, and love attest.

Pleasures sweet and praises bright,—  
These the spirit may betray :

Oh, how suddenly we might  
Fail on some unguarded day,  
And by yielding  
Cast the hope of years away !

Happy for us is the hour  
When from sinning we recoil ;  
Happy when the inward power  
Quickens at the view of toil :  
But the happiest  
Sad surprises may despoil.

For desires that secretly  
Gain dominion in the breast,  
When comes opportunity  
From the will its mastery wrest ;  
Proving evil,  
Known and mourned, is not suppress.

Thou who wast in all behaviour  
Ever equal, free from sin,  
Be to us a daily Saviour ;  
Over secret evil win  
Secret conquest :  
Reign without, because within.

## LXXXIV.

LORD, how wonderful is man  
In frailty and in force ;  
Eagle-like he upward can  
Fly to the sacred source  
Of his light and of his love ;  
But ah, how quickly is he found,  
Stone-like, falling from above,  
Or fluttering on the ground !

Should our hearts, that in the sun  
On eagles' wings can move,  
When the storms have but begun  
As weak as insects prove ?  
Hearts that have seemed firm as towers,—  
Oh, high in aim, in strength how brief!—  
Fly before the windy showers,  
Like an autumnal leaf ?

Wings must often shrink and fail  
Until the heart be right ;  
Faith alone can face the gale  
With an unflagging might ;

Stormy clouds it pierces through,  
For bold and patient are its wings ;  
Reaching heavens bright and blue,  
It still ascends and sings.

Man is like a flame of fire,  
That to a spark may die,  
Yet recovering re-aspire  
In streams towards the sky.  
What though broken be his wing,  
In thee, O Lord, his help is found ;  
From new hearts new pinions spring,  
And bear us from the ground.

---

LXXXV.

How often on a morning bright,  
Lord, whom we cannot see,—  
Because Thou dwellest in the light,—  
We feel we are with Thee !



The sky, it is so beautiful,  
It keenly brings to mind  
Our many wishes dutiful,  
Thy many bounties kind.

And pleasure seeks to make us wise,  
Intenser for the pain  
With which these memories arise  
Of wishes that were vain :

Of wishes that have hastened towards  
Thy work, yet would not stay ;  
Like him who ran to seek the Lord,  
Yet sorrowing went away.

To be invited we were glad,  
Yet glad to be excused ;  
Occasion's hour a welcome had,  
And yet it passed unused.

But God in light has come again,  
And comforts though He grieves ;  
For happiness is born of pain  
To him who but believes.

Through tangled thoughts Thy mercy dear  
Shines with a richer grace ;  
As skies are seen more sweetly clear  
Through boughs that interlace.

---

## LXXXVI.

SHADOWS now are darker growing,  
But the friendly planet bright  
Momently is overflowing  
With a fuller, clearer light :  
See how mildly  
Every star confronts the night.

Say'st thou, "Times are darker growing" ?  
In the darkness gather might ;  
To the grateful traveller showing  
God hath set thee for a light :  
Mildly constant  
Shine, and help to rule the night.

Oh, be steadier in thy duty ;  
Oh, be brighter in thy zeal ;  
Oh, be holier in thy beauty,  
When the earth most needs to feel  
What the Christian  
Can perform to bless and heal.

---

## LXXXVII.

SPIRIT of beauty ! thy presence confessing,  
God can we see in a sparkle of ore ;  
Flowers and shells to our heart are expressing  
Love like its own, but transcendently more.

Spirit of beauty ! each bough in its bending,  
Skies in their curve, and the sea in its swell,  
Streams as they wind, hills and plains in their  
blending,  
All, in our own, of God's happiness tell.

Spirit of beauty ! thou soul of our Maker,  
Suddenly shown in a gleam or a tint ;  
Oh, be each heart of thy joy a partaker ;  
Love, and its store, are alike without stint.

Spirit of beauty ! thou teachest us sweetly ;  
Prophets and psalmists yield holy delight :  
Show us our Lord, and we then shall completely  
Know thee as gentle, omnipotent might.

Spirit of beauty ! our offering we render,  
Thee in thy skyey dominion we praise ;  
Lark-like we rise to the shadowless splendour,  
Pouring out song as the sun pours his rays.

---

LXXXVIII.

As to a quiet valley  
The lowly-hearted come,  
And there recruit and rally  
While threatening winds are dumb :

Care cried, their doubt abetting,  
    “ Why any more believe ?  
The world is harsh and fretting,  
    For sin you vainly grieve.”

But now, at ease reclining,  
    Intent they look above,  
And see the lucid shining  
    Of pure primeval love ;  
The strength of one day's quiet,  
    And one day's full repast  
On truth's celestial diet,  
    For all the week will last.

With new and tender grieving  
    Their doubts they so lament,  
That soon all unbelieving  
    Is lost in sweet content :  
Through griefs a joy is shining,  
    As light shines through a tear ;  
Like dews with life combining,  
    They shine and disappear.

The cry is now for vigour  
    Onwards in faith to press,

Warm-hearted, through the rigour  
Of the cold wilderness :  
O Lord, we are not hardened,  
Thy life refills our heart ;  
Oh, let the doubt be pardoned,  
That Thou the pardoner art.

O Saviour, thy perfection  
For ours in heaven pleads ;  
Thoughts of thy resurrection,  
They are as fiery steeds,  
Which now our hearts are raising,  
Like chariots bright with love ;  
Our voice thy bounty praising,  
As we are borne above.

We who in valleys quiet,  
So holy, hushed, and warm,  
While unconfused by riot,  
Unbuffeted by storm,  
Are towards the land ascending  
Whence was our Saviour's birth,  
To-morrow must be wending  
The way He trod on earth.

## LXXXIX.

BE thy word with power fraught,  
Many hearts in many ways  
Blessing with new love and thought  
To religion's added praise.

Be it for the rash restraint,  
Ardour for the dull and cold ;  
Be it comfort for the faint,  
Be it counsel for the bold.

Be it for the tempest-worn  
Haven for a quiet stay ;  
May it, like the wakening horn,  
Summon cheerful souls away.

May some hearts erect arise,  
And be blossoms in the light ;  
Some, like stars in clearing skies,  
Trembling be, yet very bright.

As in whisper or in shout,  
Calming, rousing, Lord, be heard ;  
Such thy voice, that even doubt  
Cries, "'Tis He," and "'Tis his word."

---

## XC.

OFT when of God we ask  
For fuller, happier life,  
He sets us some new task  
Involving care and strife :  
Is this the boon for which we sought ?  
Has prayer new trouble on us brought ?

This is indeed the boon,  
Though strange to us it seems ;  
We pierce the rock, and soon  
The blessing on us streams ;  
For when we are the most athirst,  
Then the clear waters on us burst.



We toil as in a field,  
Wherein, to us unknown,  
A treasure lies concealed,  
Which may be all our own :  
And shall we of the toil complain  
That speedily will bring such gain ?

We dig the wells of life,  
And God the waters gives ;  
We win our way by strife,  
Then He within us lives ;  
And only war could make us meet  
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

---

XCI.

LIKE one who blind sits rushes weaving,  
And listens to a constant stream,  
Feels the warm sun, but still is grieving  
Because he sees no sunny gleam ;

So darkly I my life was spending,  
And all my work seemed mean and frail ;  
Time's sound with love's sweet warmth was  
blending,  
But, ah, I wore a heavy veil.

Lo, now I see ; but when I'm musing,  
With God I seem, and yet apart ;  
And like a tear the eye suffusing,  
So swells a sorrow in my heart :  
A pain is mingling with my pleasure,  
My joy is neither full nor pure,  
My light has clouds in over-measure,  
My glimpse of God will not endure.

And when the light renews its shining,  
And strengthens me to wait awhile,  
Still do I thirst, though not repining,—  
I crave a word, a look, a smile.  
Yet, heart ! from hope be parted never ;  
Behold, thou seest, who blind hast been  
Thy thirst shall be appeased for ever,—  
Soon shalt thou see as thou art seen.

## XCII.

MOUNTAINS by the darkness hidden  
Are as real as in the day ;  
Be, then, unbelief forbidden  
In a dreary hour to say,  
“ God hath left us, God hath left us ;  
Oh, why hath He gone away ? ”

When He folds the cloud about Him,  
Firm within it stands his throne ;  
Wherefore should his children doubt Him,  
Those to whom his love is known ?  
God is with us, God is with us ;  
We are never left alone.

Travellers at night, by fleeing,  
Cannot run into the day :  
God can lead the blind and seeing ;  
On Him wait, and for Him stay :  
Be not fearful, be not fearful ;  
They who cannot sing can pray.

Oh, the bright and vast creation  
Can be terrible and stern,  
From its stroke be no salvation,  
Though on every side we turn :  
Lord of nature, Lord of nature,  
Then to Thee our spirits yearn.

Calm and blest is our composure  
When the secret is possest,  
That our God in full disclosure  
Hath to us his heart exprest ;  
Thou, O Saviour, thou, O Saviour,  
Hast been given to give us rest.

Space and time, O Lord, that show Thee  
Oft in power veiling good,  
Are too vast for us to know Thee  
As our trembling spirits would ;  
But in Jesus, yes, in Jesus,  
Father, Thou art understood.

## XCIII.

IN silence mighty things are wrought,—  
Silently builded, thought on thought,  
    Truth's temple greets the sky ;  
And like a citadel with towers,  
The soul with her subservient powers  
    Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow  
The saplings of the forest grow  
    To trees of mighty girth ;  
Each nightly star in silence burns,  
And every day in silence turns  
    The axle of the earth.

The silent frost with mighty hand  
Fetters the rivers and the land  
    With universal chain ;  
And smitten by the silent sun,  
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,  
    The lands are free again.

O Source unseen of life and light,  
Thy secrecy of silent might  
    If we in bondage know,  
Our hearts, like seeds beneath the ground,  
By silent force of life unbound,  
    Move upwards from below.

And if our hearts well-rooted be,  
Their love, like sap within the tree,  
    With silent quickening moves ;  
Enlarged and liberated powers,  
More light and balmier warmth are ours,  
    And God his presence proves.

O Saviour, who, that silence keeps,  
But sometimes at the story weeps  
    Of all that he has known ?  
That we are what we are, how strange !  
How gradual the silent change  
    By which our souls have grown !

## XCIV.

ALL faded is the glowing light  
That once from heaven shone,  
When startled shepherds in the night  
The angels came upon.

Oh, shine again, ye angel host,  
And say that He is near ;  
Though but a simple few at most  
Believe He will appear.

Ye heavens, that have been growing dark,  
Now also are ye dumb ;  
When shall the listeners say, “ Hark !  
They’re singing,—He will come” ?

Lord, come again, oh, come again,  
Come even as Thou wilt ;  
But not anew to suffer pain,  
And strive with human guilt.

Oh, come again, thou mighty King,  
Let earth thy glory see ;  
And let us hear the angels sing,  
“ He comes with victory.”

---

## XCV.

BEHOLD, how mighty truth,  
From a first glimmer pale,  
With gradual ray extends its sway,  
Through heaven to prevail :  
Sing ye praises, oh, sing praises ;  
For truth can never fail.

Behold, how mighty love,  
That from a firstling flower,  
By gradual heats, reveals its sweets,  
Gains universal power :  
Sing ye praises, oh, sing praises ;  
This is love's prospering hour.



The God of truth and love,  
The ancient friend of man,  
Makes every age an onward stage,  
And has since time began :  
Sing ye praises, oh, sing praises ;  
God has a glorious plan.

Though wisdom, like a cloud,  
Is undefined when bright,  
We will not stay, but haste away,  
And keep the cloud in sight :  
Sing ye praises, oh, sing praises ;  
'Tis never wholly night.

Lo, from the cloud a shape  
Looks forth our souls to greet,—  
The Lord of grace, I see his face,  
And run with bounding feet :  
Sing ye praises, oh, sing praises ;  
Sing grateful praises sweet.

If once from out the light  
His smile on us has shone,

Again the cloud his face may shroud  
Yet boldly we'll go on :  
Sing ye praises, oh, sing praises ;  
The dusk will soon be gone.

Christ is our guide, our guard,  
On us no foes can prey ;  
Nor can we roam, for to our home  
He leads us night and day :  
Sing ye praises, oh, sing praises,  
While on your homeward way.

---

XCVI.

Oh, were I ever what I am sometimes,  
And never more what I sometimes have been ;  
For oft my spirit, singing as it climbs,  
Can make of winter bleak a summer green :  
And yet sometimes, and in the sunniest weather,  
My work and I have fallen out together.

Now, earth seems drossy, heaven the land of gold,  
Anon, heaven fabulous, substantial earth ;  
And sometimes in my God I can be bold,  
And say, " What hopes are mine in right of  
birth !"

And yet sometimes at former faith I wonder,  
And fears I once defied I now sink under.

Lord, rid me of this natural waywardness,  
Unworthy one who is a child of thine ;  
Calm let me be when rudest winds distress,  
Nor lose occasion if the day be fine ;  
But, faithful to the light of sacred reason,  
One heart be mine in every changing season.

---

XCVII.

THE soul's sweet summer is not here,  
But only breaths and flowers ;  
Its open glory will appear,  
But secret now its powers.

Life here, it is spring's fickle time,  
Alternate blight and balm ;  
But heaven will be our summer's prime,  
One bright unending calm.

Oh, glad we are, yet scarce begun  
Our day of happiness ;  
The light of an unrisen sun  
Is all that we possess.

The joy with which our souls are blest,  
How silent and how pure !  
But joy is twilight at the best,  
Although of sunrise sure.

Spirit of Christ, through Thee we oft  
The coming summer feel ;  
Thou canst, in hallowing glory soft,  
A budding world reveal.

Our hearts with an increasing glow  
Of morning hope, oh, fill ;  
Christ's coming day we then shall know  
By joys devout and still.

## XCVIII.

THE chrysalis in crannies lies,  
Content awhile to be obscure ;  
But higher happiness is sure  
When forth on quivering wings he flies.

He from his hovel dark shall come,  
Of wisdom's secret giving proof ;  
And summer skies shall be the roof  
That spans his new palatial home.

Formed in thine earthly tenement,  
O man of earth, when thou shalt die,  
A heavenly self shall upwards fly,  
If thou art wise : then be content.

Believe in God, and soon shalt thou,  
Darkly maturing in thy prison,  
Follow the good, who, having risen,  
Enjoy resplendent freedom now.

## XCIX.

THE sere leaf flickers down  
O'er gardens in decay ;  
For leafy robe and flowery crown  
Must both be put away :  
The summer says farewell,  
With hushed and tender tone :  
Fear not, the buds again will swell,  
The blossoms be thine own.

The incense in the smoke,  
While offerings burnt away,  
Of God's abiding favour spoke ;  
So now in this decay :  
The thoughts of holy rest,  
While summers disappear,  
Diffuse around the fragrance blest  
Of God's eternal year.

In what a tender light  
Do summers fade and die,  
As if their spirit took its flight  
In tranquil ecstasy !

I will not mourn the signs  
Of death so sweetly calm ;  
Immortal hope, that round me shines,  
Brings every grief a balm.

I'll blossom and bear fruit  
While glowing summers last ;  
And still the murmurings confute  
That say, " Thy joys are past."  
My joy is yet to come ;  
For through the sombre gates  
Of dark decay we reach the home  
Where life undying waits.

---

C.

DEPARTING in peace,  
With gentle release,  
The dream-weary soul from its slumbers is freed ;  
And hearing heaven's lays,  
It cries in amaze,  
" Ah, Lord, and now am I in heaven indeed ?

How can I believe  
I no more shall grieve,—  
For ever awake from my dream-burdened sleep?  
Too full my delight,  
The morning too bright :  
Ah, Lord, I'm so happy, permit me to weep.

What light and what balm !  
What thrill, yet what calm !  
My heart feels at once like a bridegroom and bride ;  
Lo, coming on me  
Thy likeness I see :  
Ah, Lord, 'tis enough,—I am now satisfied."

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## L'Envoi.

O Book ! the birth of winter days,  
First fostered by the genial rays  
Of winter's household fire ;  
Growing through summer-tide and spring,  
Now other leaves are withering  
Thou hast thy full attire.

A sanctity is in thy page,  
That thou mayst cheer the pilgrimage  
That weary mortals know ;  
For dusky earth can take a light  
From verses pure, as doth the night  
From new-descended snow.

Go forth, O Book ! baptised with tears,  
Tremble no more with modest fears,—  
With love thou shalt be blest :  
If any greet thee with disdain,  
Suffer, but not parade, thy pain,  
And meekly do thy best.

Go, like a bark, nor fear the sea;  
Thy haven shall the approval be  
    Of hearts with faith like thine;  
Thou on Time's waters shalt prevail;  
If breath of heaven fills the sail,  
    Heaven's smiles upon it shine.

Sweet is the brier on summer morns  
When the fresh leaves, concealing thorns,  
    Exhale life's tenderness:  
Happy the sorrowing heart at times  
When truths that pierce, in pleasant rhymes  
    Their virtues can express.

The sweetnesses of love that dwell  
In truth, by language musical  
    Alone can uttered be;  
And thoughts have goodliest blossoming  
When they grow nearest to the spring  
    Of sacred poesy.

O Book! if any show thee slight,  
Thou knowest with pain and with delight  
    Thou of the heart wast born;  
Hast in thee life of shade and shower,  
Of sunny and of starry hour,  
    Of evening and of dawn.

If any call thee beautiful,  
Oh, haste and of the glories tell  
That in the temple wait ;  
For thou, if golden light divine  
Upon thee from love's altar shine,  
Art but a temple-gate.

A little while, and he who sung,  
With silenced voice and harp unstrung  
In quiet earth shall lie ;  
Ah, will he then attain his home ?  
Will beautiful and blest ones come  
And guide him up the sky ?

Mother, so simple yet so sage,  
A troubled youth thy patronage  
Enjoyed, and thine alone ;  
I know thou visitest thy son,—  
This poet-work that he hath done,  
Is it in part thine own ?

Inspiring Saviour, unto Thee  
My work I give in fealty,—  
Thy life I have, and seek :  
Accept my sacrifice of song ;  
Weak am I,—but if therefore strong,  
Oh, keep me ever weak !

Book ! if the thanks of simple hearts  
Be thine, because thy song imparts  
    To them the power to sing ;  
Offer with theirs thy thanks to Him  
To whom the saintliest seraphim  
    The lowliest homage bring.

*November 5, 1855.*

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## METRICAL ANALYSIS.

### IAMBIC METRES.

The following hymns in the "RIVULET" are L.M.: Nos. 1, 4, 9, 12, 23, 27, 32, 35, 39, 42, 44, 47, 49, 79, 98. The following are L.M.D.: Nos. 33, 61, 65.

The C.M. hymns are Nos. 11, 14, 18, 68, 71, 73, 76, 85, 94, 97. The C.M.D., Nos. 38, 62.

The S.M. hymns are Nos. 15, 22, 37, 41, 53, 59. The S.M.D., Nos. 7, 99.

Most of the L.M., C.M., and S.M. hymns may be sung also as L.M.D., C.M.D., and S.M.D.

Other Iambic Metres.	Nos.
6.6.4.6.6.6.4 . . . . .	17
6.6.6.6.8.8 (148th) . . . . .	10, 90
6.6.8, double (122d) . . . . .	30
6.6.8.4, double . . . . .	81
7.6 (4 lines, or 8) . . . . .	52, 80, 88
7.7.8.7, double . . . . .	72
8.6.8.6.8.6 . . . . .	2
8.6.8.6.8.8 . . . . .	25
8.6.8.6.8.8.8.6 . . . . .	55
8.7.8.7.8.8.7 . . . . .	82
8.8.6, double . . . . .	48, 93
8's, six lines (112th) . . . . .	13, 45, 78
Ditto, in triplets (113th) . . . . .	40, 78
Old 113th (12 lines) . . . . .	40
9.6, eight lines . . . . .	29, 77
9.8, ditto . . . . .	91
10's, four lines . . . . .	64
10.10.10.10.11.11 (Old 50th) . . . . .	8, 96

## TROCHAIC METRES.

The following hymns are 7's (4 lines) : Nos. 16, 20, 43, 46, 50, 69, 89 ; (6 lines), No. 56 ; (8 lines, or 4), No. 36.

Other Trochaic Metres.	Nos.
6.5, eight lines . . . . .	3, 34
7.7.7.5 . . . . .	31, 60, 74
7.7.7.7.4.7 . . . . .	83
8.7.8.7 . . . . .	63, 66
8.7.8.7.4.7 . . . . .	86, 92
8.7.8.7.7.7 . . . . .	26
8.7, eight lines . . . . .	24, 54
8.7.8.7.8.8.7.7 . . . . .	75

## ANAPÆSTIC METRES.

5.5.11, double . . . . .	100
5.5.12, ditto . . . . .	67
6.6.9, ditto . . . . .	28
8's (4 lines, or 8) . . . . .	6, 70
10.10.11.11 (10 <sup>4</sup> th) . . . . .	57
11.10.11.10 . . . . .	87
12.11.12.11 . . . . .	21
13.11.13.11 . . . . .	51

## MIXED METRES.

6.6.7.7.7.7 . . . . .	19
6.6.8.6.8.6 . . . . .	95
7.6.7.6.7.7 . . . . .	58
7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6 . . . . .	5, 84







